UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Carson: Bigot and Rebel

By FRANCIS NEILSON

Two Germanys

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

The Coolidgian Mind

By A. VERNON THOMAS

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVI THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1920 NUMBER 4

A CRY OF THE FOREIGN-BORN

America, beloved, we gave our hearts to thee;
Our fathers left the forest, the broad grey steppe, the sea,
To brave dank slum and sweatshop, to face disease and dirt;
Exploited by employer and profiteer, they girt
Themselves with but the solace that their children would be free:
America, beloved, what dreams they had of thee!

They led us, little children, up to thy gates and filled
Our souls with tales of freedom. Oh how our young blood thrilled
With hope of thy protection, thy justice, righteous laws!
The stinging years of hardship were summer wind, because
We dreamed and laughed and marveled at the guerdon that would be:
America, beloved, what faith we had in thee!

Now grown to manhood's vigor, what glory greets our eyes?
Men caged for their opinions, strange justice which denies
Free speech and free assembly,—for which old England fought,
Freedom from search and seizure, the rights of freeman, bought
With blood and held with honor by her sons across the sea:
America, why wilt thou cast thy splendor thus from thee?

Our heritage is noble, to thee our crest we give;
The blood of sage and prophet, whose spirit made thee live,
Beats in our veins and stirs us with their passion for the right.
We see Isaiah's vision: we trust in thy great might
To loose the heavy burdens, to see God's justice done.
America, beloved, thy hope and ours are one.

And shall our faith be shattered? Shall we remain the slaves
Of men whose lust for riches defames thee and depraves?
Or shall avenging terror strew hell-fire through this land?
Oh, hear our cry, great mother: Thy ancient creed must stand:
Let righteousness—let freedom—flow like a mighty stream:
America, beloved, hold fast, hold fast our dream.

—*Leah Rachel Yoffie.*

The campaign drags listlessly on. Every endeavor to arouse interest fails. One-tenth of the excitement crowded into the world-series baseball games, far surpasses all the excitement that has been known in the political field since the nominating conventions, or will be known till election day. Nor are reasons for this unshakable apathy hard to find! Thus, it is evident that the candidates make no appeal to the popular imagination. Christensen is likeable, but unimpressive; Debs is adored of all who know him and accept his teachings, but by his heresies absolutely cut off from the great body of the public; Harding is dignified and serious, but utterly devoid of inspiration; Cox is frankly vulgar, and in his every speech falling lower in general esteem. Alas, the halcyon days of Roosevelt and Bryan and McKinley are no longer with us! Then again, as another reason for the prevailing lack of interest, is the certainty of the outcome of the campaign. Nobody can feel excitement over a "sure thing"; and if there ever was a "sure thing," it is the triumph of Harding and the Republicans. The world, of course, may come to an end before the second day of November; but surely nothing less than such a universal cataclysm can prevent the victory of the Marion candidate. Lastly, and of profound significance as an indication of the indifference everywhere apparent, is the growing distrust of the people, of politics and political methods of action. The stay-at-home vote this year will be of unprecedented proportions, not only because men care nothing for this campaign, but also because they are through with the ballot as a means of accomplishing their purposes. No symptom of our time is more sinister than this. If it continues, and spreads, it means the failure of the most promising experiment in democracy that the world has to this time known.

The American Legion is to be congratulated on its determination, expressed at its recent convention, not to enter politics. A movement to change the constitution of the Legion, so that its members might in their organized capacity as legionaries, support or oppose candidates and exert other direct political influence, was voted down, and the body kept by constitutional provision non-partisan. We wonder, however, just how much this action signifies? Is the Legion honest about keeping out of politics, or does it know what getting into politics really means? For here in this same convention, at which political action was so deliberately eschewed, a most dangerous resolution in opposition to Japanese immigration was passed; the vicious bonus bill was endorsed, and a committee ordered to see it through the next session of Congress; and the very first action of the new Executive Committee, after the adjournment of the convention, was a demand on the Wilson administration for the ousting of Assistant Secretary of Labor, Louis F. Post. Are these not political questions? Is this keeping out of politics? Our own opinion is that the Legion is slowly but surely losing ground. It is trying hard to sustain the noble spirit in which it was conceived and born, but is failing. Just now it is in that period of moral decline which is characterized by the camouflage of fine phrases to cover up disgraceful acts. And if we seek for the reasons for this corruption, we find them first in the "red mania" by which the Legion very early became infected, and secondly in the hunger for loot made manifest in the proposal for a bonus. It is high

time, if the Legion is to be saved from the fate which overtook its predecessor, the G. A. R., that its better elements took swift command of what is even now a demoralizing situation.

It would seem as though we needed no further evidence, since the outbreak of the Great War, of the moral bankruptcy of society than that which was provided by the conflict itself. New evidence, however, is constantly accumulating. Take, for example, the great explosion in Wall Street in mid-September! How shall we face the problem presented by the maniacs responsible for this outrage? Two great newspapers in New York City, peculiarly typical of American public opinion, offered strikingly similar answers to this trying problem. The New York *Times* spoke of the

duty to oppose anarchistic force with the greater force of organized society. These callous and cowardly murderers must be . . . hunted down like wild animals. . . . They will live in daily fear of punishment. They will be made to know that the hand of every honest man is against them. So that, in the end, the greater terror will be their own.

The *Tribune* offers the same idea.

"The communist," it says, "is a wild beast at large. . . . (He) makes war not on the governing class alone but on all of us. Our only remedy is to make war with equal vigor on him."

Here is the old doctrine—force to meet force, terror to meet terror, war to meet war! The way to defeat the anarchist is to adopt his philosophy and way of life, and be as mad as he is! Thousands of years of faithful practice of this principle demonstrate its futility. A society which has no other remedy for such disaster, is bankrupt both mentally and morally.

We have always opposed war in these columns—but we are tempted to do so no more! We have always insisted that war is wasteful, destructive, an unmitigated evil—now we suspect that we have been in error! For we have seen the report made to the American Committee for Devastated France by Mr. Hal B. Fullerton, Agricultural Director of the Long Island Railroad—and we are repenting in dust and ashes. The War has accomplished in France, says Mr. Fullerton, the one thing dearest to the farmer's heart—deep plowing.

If a farmer here in America manages to plow to a depth of four inches, he thinks he has done exceedingly well. For the most part, he gets down two inches. . . . Now what has happened in France? Trenches eight to ten feet deep, shell-holes and mined areas from fifty to a hundred feet in depth, . . . have brought to the surface without disturbing it the deep soil, containing valuable minerals of which the top soil, used for generations, has been depleted. Added to these minerals is the organic matter furnished by the fertilization of dead beasts (and, of course, dead men!). Thus the upheaval represents the type of cultivation advanced by practical agricultural experts in America and England.

Such argument undoubtedly proves the case for war! Such a conflict as that between France and Germany should be an annual affair that the spring plowing may be properly done. An invasion of America, especially in New England, would work wonders with our farming problem. Only one thing troubles us. Why did France stop the invasion of the German hordes? Why didn't she cover the whole of her fair land, from the English Channel to the Mediterranean Sea, with trenches, shell holes and mined areas! Why wasn't she willing to turn more of her beasts (and, of course, men!) into fertilizer? France is an heroic country, but she is plainly also stupid. She does not realize that war is a great thing for agriculture.

When war with Russia threatened in England, British Labor displayed in London streets an enormous banner, which carried the legend:

Resist-the-War Committee

Not a Man
Not a Gun
Not a Sou
Not a Boot

This is a sample of the kind of action that forced Lloyd-George and his imperialistic cabinet to back down in their project to help Poland make war on Soviet Russia. Good work! Let us have something of the same kind in this country when a war with Mexico, or Japan, or England, comes over the horizon!

To the remarkable series of books which are telling us the truth about the Great War and war itself in general—the class of which Phillip Gibbs's "Now It Can Be Told" is the most distinguished example—is now added a new volume in Homer Folks's "The Human Costs of the War."—Mr. Folks was Chief of the Department of Civilian Relief of the American Red Cross, and in this capacity had unparalleled opportunities of observation in the war-swept areas of Europe. This book may be regarded as his official report to the public opinion of the world. In it he sets down, with calm, scientific detachment, the results of the Great War in terms of civilization, or basic human values. It is a tale to chill the blood with horror, and fill the mind with gloomiest forebodings for the future of the race. In the light of such a picture of disease, starvation, misery and death, the issue of defeat or victory in the struggle seems like a mockery. With Europe ruined, it is ridiculous to talk of civilization saved. War, like any other calamity, is destruction for everybody. It is "indeed the great disaster," says Mr. Folks.

Earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, explosions, may harm the whole population of a locality; alcohol or vice may injure a percentage of the people of whole countries, but war can be compared only to these things combined and sown broadcast over a continent. We may select from all these other enemies of human life their worst features, combine them into one quintessence of horror, intensify this to the nth degree, scatter it continent wide, and that is war. War is the nega-

tion of all the race has striven for through all the centuries. It denies that life is worth while. It is the enthronement of unreason and coercion. It is the supreme scepticism, both of man and of God.

Here again, as though it were needed, is fresh vindication of pacifism. The only men who were right in the Great War were those who would have nothing to do with it save to end it, or to relieve its misery.

The social, as contrasted with the individual aspects of crime, have constantly been insisted upon in UNITY. The latest confirmation of our doctrine comes from Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare, who was imprisoned during the War on a trumped-up charge of sedition. In speaking of her experiences behind the bars, she says,

I found that in every woman convict's story were the social and economic causes for her crime, and that in almost every instance social responsibility was far greater for criminality than individual responsibility.

This phrase, "social responsibility," is one which pierces straight to the heart of our problem of crime. The men and women who go wrong in this world are in the majority of cases not different from the men and women who go right. The points of difference between the two types are almost invariably social—the environment in which they were born and raised, the economic status of their family life, the educational influences flung about them, etc. There are of course criminals who were born wrong in the sense of being feeble-minded or degenerate. But it still remains true that most of our criminals are manufactured by society out of originally good material. And by the same token is it true that the remedy for crime is not to be found in prisons, which are themselves the most fertile breeders of criminality, but in social changes of the most drastic character. Establish justice and righteousness and true freedom in our social relations—especially, abolish poverty, which is central to the whole problem, and crime will take care of itself.

The Union Methodist Episcopal Church of New York, located in the heart of the theatre district, is enterprising. It erected in front of its edifice the largest electric church sign in the country—one which outshines all the surrounding and competing signs of theatres, movies, cabarets, and popular commercial products. But this church is not only enterprising; it is also wise and far-sighted. Thus, the huge electric sign carries no denominational slogan or even name, but only the simple words, "Union Church and Social Center. Always open." Furthermore, it is definitely announced by the new minister of this church, Dr. John G. Benson, that "there will be no Methodist propaganda." Denominationalism, in other words, is at an end so far as this church and its minister are concerned. They interpret religion in terms not of theological dogmas but of spiritual life; they approach men and women as human beings who are in need primarily of more abundant life here and now upon the earth; they undertake to serve the community to no other ends than those purely humanistic ends of social health and happiness; and they recognize that when these things are done, there is no longer any question of sectarian division. Methodism simply disappears as an outworn anachronism, a useless shibboleth, a troublesome piece of impedimenta. This church will succeed—it will save itself by the true Christian method of losing itself. How many other churches are ready, right here and now, to go and do likewise?

Carson: Bigot and Rebel

It was at Glasgow, October 1, 1912, that Sir Edward Carson in trying to justify his action against the Home Rule Bill then passing through the Houses of Parliament attacked the British Attorney General who had criticized Carson's unconstitutional methods. Then the leader of the Ulster rebels said, "The Attorney General says that my doctrines and the course I am taking lead to anarchy. Does he not think I know that?" So anarchy even in the mind of Carson preceded the rise of Sinn Fein, and it was adopted as part of a fixed policy or a consequence of that policy long before the War broke out. This may be news to a great many Americans. Anyway there are so many people here who regard the present phase of the Irish question as something that has arisen since the armistice that it is just as well to remind them that the Irish question was the dominant one of the British Empire before the War began. What was taking place in Ulster during the passage of the Home Rule Bill is put most succinctly by a writer in the London *Nation*. He says:

> ". . . I will recall to the memory of those who have forgotten Ulster before the war, and are now condemning Sinn Fein and Labor, what they once permitted in the realm without protest. I went to Ulster first in 1911 as a journalist, because Catholics were being held before open furnaces by Orangemen on Queen's Island, Belfast. I did not believe the story before I went. But it was true. Carson and his Tory backers, instead of correcting bigotry which led to such vile excesses, used it as the base of their power against the constituted authority at Westminster. 'To hell with the Pope!' Every historic enmity and fear was encouraged and embittered. The working people of Ulster were divided and turned against each other. One lot marched in processions, carrying at its head a Bible on a cushion protected by pikemen, and heartened by a frantic beating of tom-toms. The sound of the unrhythmic drums was precisely that which chills the spine of

a white man when first he hears it throbbing in the jungle. The frenzy was cleverly worked up. The excitable crowds massed and were kept well alight. Money was subscribed among the 'best' people for the purchase of arms. These were got past our navy and police, with remarkable ease, into Belfast. The houses of the 'best' people in Ulster were turned into ammunition dumps and war hospitals. The German war-correspondents arrived; and nobody will ever be able to estimate just how much the portentous and confidential chit-chat of noble dames in London and in Ulster with Germans (who, of course, were anxious to know exactly what would happen) had to do with at least the date of the war. There was a Provisional Government. There were plans for seizing the Ulster Custom Houses. Drilling with arms went on daily, and there were great reviews every other week. Picture postcards of King Carson with his most truculent look, and of Belfast in flames, were in all the popular shops. Everybody in Ulster was aware that calamity approached, but Carson, Bonar Law, and Smith tried to douse the increasing flames of calamity with more petrol."

There should be no doubt in any one's mind as to who is the most powerful man in Europe today. Sir Edward Carson has been able to do what William of Germany never in his wildest moments dreamed of doing. Ireland is today in a state of anarchy such as Europe has never known and the man who is responsible for all this controls the British Government; and now we learn on the best authority that he is hand and glove with Sir Henry Wilson, the chief of the British War Staff. A more sinister combination would be hard to imagine. On the other hand, Carson has succeeded in bringing together in Great Britain every one of any consequence in every section of society, outside the politicians and militarists of the Coalition, with the demand for a stronger and wider measure of Home Rule for Ireland than the Act of 1914 provided. It is an extraordinary state of affairs that has been brought about and perhaps no one but Carson himself could succeed in creating a situation of this kind. Dominion Home Rule is openly advocated now by men who a few months ago were opposed to autonomy in any shape or form. Such is the pass to which bigotry, religious and political, has brought the British Empire, for it is undoubtedly the policy of the bigots—Carson, Bonar Law, and F. E. Smith—that is responsible for the state of Ireland, the disgrace of British parliamentary institutions, and the shame that has fallen upon British methods of administration. Before the War Carson, Bonar Law and F. E. Smith, each a member of Parliament, were the rebels when they imported arms from Germany and organized the Orange volunteers and drilled them, instigated a mutiny at the Curragh among the officers of the crack cavalry regiments, suggested that ministers be hanged at lamp posts, and by propaganda and overt acts threatened to overthrow the British Government. Not for one hundred years had sedition been preached so openly and so brazenly by responsible persons in the British Islands. Yet Carson is now a greater power than King or Prime Minister. Bonar Law is the leader of the Coalition in the House of Commons, and F. E. Smith is Lord High Chancellor of England and sits in the House of Lords under the title of Lord Birkenhead. It is a curious state of affairs, one indeed that makes it exceedingly difficult for any law and order man to go before an audience and preach tolerance and patience. Carson made Sinn Fein what it is. Without him it would have been impossible in so short a time. It might indeed have grown rapidly had the war not taken place and had Mr. Asquith's government been obliged to put the Home Rule Act into force. Civil war might have been the outcome, but astute observers of Irish affairs were not afraid of the opposition, Carson's volunteers, for it was pretty well known that after a little rioting the Ulster faction would have settled down to business without its leaders.

Only some four or five Sinn Fein members of Parliament have escaped imprisonment and murder. Yet so strong has Sinn Fein become that every act of the British Government instigated by Carson makes it stronger. It grows by the force that is employed against it, and in this terrible period of reprisal the one redeeming feature of the whole horrible business is the fixed determination of the Irish People to be free of British rule. In the face of the terror which is let loose by the British Government, a terror which is perpetrated by an army out of hand, Sinn Fein becomes every day more defiant of British rule and more earnest in its demand for independence.

Some of the English papers writing upon the disastrous state of affairs in Ireland refer to Louvain and to Belgium when she was invaded by German troops. And these journals make an appeal to the British people to act in the matter of Ireland quickly so that the British name will not be tarnished as the German name was. How strange it is that all the indignation which existed a few years ago against atrocity has petered out. Presumably one act such as we heard about in the autumn of 1914 is enough to absorb all the indignation that a generation can create. Or is it that we have become inured to the results of British administration in Ireland, and consider that what is taking place there is merely a political matter to be determined without either the sympathy or understanding of alien folk? Yet there are enormities practiced every day in the terror that is sweeping Ireland that are as revolting as those from which Belgium suffered. It is true that the French for purely political reasons have condemned the action of the British Government. That course has been pursued because it has

suited the purpose of the French financial press in the quarrel between the two governments over the division of the spoils in Europe and Asia. But here in America there seems to be a callous indifference on the part of the war-screeching press, the press that fomented hatred against the Central Empires, the press that opened its columns to any and every British screed that condemned the heartless administration of the German colonies, the press that subsisted so long on the "Secrets of Crewe House," the lie factory of Northcliffe, Beaverbrook and Campbell Stuart. It is difficult to find in the organs of that type any word of condemnation at what is taking place in Ireland. Some of these papers indeed give very little information of the story of "black and tan" reprisals on denseless women and children and old men, the destruction by the military of ancient monuments, the burning of the Irish co-operative creameries, the imprisonment of men without trial, and the story which Arthur Griffith has recently given to the world of the acts of *agents provocateur* which beat anything of which the old regime in Russia was guilty. In England, however, every paper of any repute, with the single exception of the London *Morning Post,* condemns the action of the Government, and strangely enough the London *Times* is the Government's severest critic. Surely it is time for America to show at least as much indignation in this matter as was shown about Belgium during the War.

This is a question that affects the Saxon and the Celt wherever they are. All those in America, and in the British colonies, must see that the time has come when sane government should be restored in Britain. If it were necessary for the world to go to war to remove a dangerous autocrat, then certainly it is necessary for the world in the name of peace to protest vehemently against an autocrat without office who holds the British Government in the palm of his hand, and who cares so little for all that is best in the civilization of England and Ireland that he would sacrifice it all to maintain the policy of a bigot and a rebel.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

TRANSMUTATION.

O little ground where my blossoms grow
And bloom and fruit and die,
I touch you with a light soft hand,
For the After-While when I
Even as you shall know
By the light soft touch of a hand,
In a wonderful bye-and-bye,
In a wonderful Summerland—

Soul of my Soul shall know
And Earth will understand
With the blossoms all a-blow
In that wonderful Summer-land
If I shall but touch your hand!

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

CONTRIBUTED

Two Germanys

In Berlin, near the beginning of the great war, the late Professor Ernst Sieper of the University of Munich, one of the most broad-minded of European scholars, spoke to a number of Americans:

> You must remember that there are two Germanys, the one the loud blatant group that for the present has control of affairs, the other the Germany that you will find only when you talk with men in the privacy of their own homes.

The "other Germany" which we of the rest of the world have neglected and misunderstood in the bloody war and bitter armistice embraces the future hope of the nation and to a great extent of the world. For we are all in the same boat, "the good ship Earth," and whatever of evil comes to any of us is in some measure the fate of all.

This article is written to show that the "other Germany" may be present—even where we have not looked for it. Perhaps no German publication has been more severely criticized than the manifesto of the "93 Intellectuals," issued on October 11, 1914. It has been regarded as the grossest prostitution of scholarship, and on the strength of it an American journalist once seriously urged that all the German universities, perverse and perverted, should be destroyed—root and branch—by the crusading allies.

In this manifesto, it may be recalled, 93 "scholars and artists" of Germany set forth six propositions, each beginning with the phrase: "Es ist nicht wahr" (it is not true). These were in substance:

1. It is not true that Germany is to blame for this war.
2. It is not true that we have violated the neutrality of Belgium.
3. It is not true that life or property of any single Belgian citizen has been harmed save in the bitterest defensive need.
4. It is not true that our soldiers were brutal at Louvain.
5. It is not true that our conduct of war has been in violation of law.
6. It is not true that the war against our so-called militarism is not a war against our culture.

The origin of this manifesto has been indicated to me in a personal letter by Dr. Arnold Klebs, an American scholar now resident at Nyon, in Switzerland. It appears that Dr. Ludwig Fulda of Frankfurt was in America in the early days of the war. He accepted the current view of its origin as set forth in the "Marcheroute" imposed on the German press, and he saw with growing great alarm that public opinion in America was turning rapidly against Germany. Returning to his fatherland he declared that something strong must be done to win back America, and to this end he wrote the notorious manifesto.

Dr. Hans Wehberg of Düsseldorf, one of the highest authorities in International Law, published, near the close of the war, in the *Berliner Tageblatt,* an analysis of the attitude at that time of the signers of this unfortunate document. (*Berliner Tageblatt,* October 27, 1918.) He found that fifteen of the signers are no longer living, that twenty-three cannot be heard from, and that sixteen still hold the same views as four years before. One of these (von Duhn) "had gone over the document sentence by sentence and would not change a word." The remaining thirty-nine take a very different attitude. Dr. Schmidlin claims never to have seen "the senseless and luck-

less manifesto." Dr. Wilhelm Foerster and Dr. Ehrlich had never granted any permission to use their names. Most of the signatures were secured by telegraph with no clear understanding of the document's contents except that it had been approved by Dr. Harnack and Dr. Nernst. Others repudiated it almost as soon as it appeared. Eight would not have signed if they had understood what the document was. Others would have denounced it had the crimes in Belgium been known at the time. Thirty-nine state that they could not now stand for the assertions made. Speaking for the majority, Dr. Herbert Eulenberg asserts that

> For four weeks, though with misgivings, we all believed that Germany had exercised only her sacred right of defense. On that ground alone we then supported our military group.

A short time after, by way of a partial atonement, eighty-eight other "professors and statesmen of Germany" issued another manifesto asserting the nation's good intentions but warning the people of the dangers ahead. Among other things they said:

> Germany has entered the war with no thought of conquest . . . but measures must now be taken which shall not lead to conquest in any form.

At about the same time a group of evangelistic pastors issued a document in defense of the supposed relation of Germany to the war. Early in the year 1915, one of the most prominent of this group, known to me personally, sent me this message by a roundabout course—the Black Forest and Switzerland: "I am disgusted with the chicane and brutality of the German government."

And throughout the war there were thousands of good men and women in Germany who held the same feelings but who under the savage censorship by no means confined to Germany had few means of expression.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

The Coolidgian Mind

Did you read the acceptance speech of Governor Calvin Coolidge? You guess not? Well, it was worth while, all the same. Unconvincing it might be; uninstructive it was not. Streaks of refreshing frankness it had also, and—very important—it afforded a close glimpse into a type of mind very common in this and every country.

The fundamental thing about the Coolidgian mind is its unbelief in men. There are millions of Coolidgians, more's the pity. Wasn't it Walt Whitman who said there was something profoundly affecting in the spectacle of the masses following the lead of those who do not believe in men? Such a leader is the vice-presidential Republican nominee. Here is a passage from his speech of acceptance which goes a long way to prove it. The italics are mine:

"American institutions can stand discussion and criticism only if *those who know* bear for them the testimony of the truth. Such repression and such testimony should be forthcoming, that *the uninformed* may come to a full realization that these seditious efforts are not for their welfare, but for their complete economic and political destruction."

The Coolidgian mind divides humanity into the informed and the uninformed, and it has not the least doubt that it can distinguish, with absolute accuracy, the members of either class. Calvin Coolidge has no false modesty in placing himself in the class of those who know, and with equal assurance he can, metaphorically speaking, place his finger on a considerable number of his countrymen who know not.

But what and if in the final accounting it should turn out that after all Calvin Coolidge did not know? What if it should turn out that Calvin Coolidge's ideas of human conduct and progress were not in line with the divine will and purpose, were, in fact, calculated to turn men and women backward rather than to urge them forward?

So, friends, it is a very serious matter for mortal man to assume to know. Because such men, to whatever extent they possess power, begin to institute controls on the strength of their knowledge, and to punish those, who offend against progress, that is progress as they know it. Observe that Mr. Coolidge, in the passage I have quoted, is able to recognize "seditious efforts," is able to say what is "for their [the people's] welfare," is able to warn against "complete economic and political destruction" if his (Mr. Coolidge's) knowledge is disregarded.

What is that you say? Calvin Coolidge has been a good father, husband, son and citizen, has succeeded in business and has won respect and confidence in public life. Joyfully I admit it all and I agree that these things are very good reasons for listening to what Mr. Coolidge has to say. But I cannot admit that they prove that Mr. Coolidge knows and that those who differ from him in vital things are uninformed.

There's the rub. The Coolidgian mind knows, and, as far as it has it in its power, it will shape and control things according to that knowledge. It will punish men and women for their opinions, if these opinions differ seriously from its own, and it will stamp out "heresy," or try to do so, lest "heresy" interfere with the working out of the Coolidge plan.

But, again, what and if some of the men and women whom Calvin Coolidge will persecute and bully for alleged "heresy" should turn out in the end to have had a clearer ideal of progress than Calvin Coolidge? Such a thing has happened not once or twice, but almost invariably. That is to say: there is not one principle of human conduct now accepted, not one cultural possession the race has won, not one spiritual aspiration the race has realized, that has not been originally enunciated and set forth by "heretics" and "seditious persons."

Alas, there is no guarantee that Calvin Coolidge knows. Who can vouch for us that Wisdom skipped the cots of other babes to halt at Coolidge's? There's the rub again. Old Mother Nature is all the time hiding her secrets from those who know and revealing them unto the uninformed. It is fatal to presume wisdom in mortal man. The presumably wisest of the race have made tragic mistakes. Once assume that a man, or a group of men, has superior wisdom and you arrive forthwith at czarism, Prussianism, Palmerism and other fantastic systems of brief authority.

Ancient is the Coolidgian philosophy and varied its spiritual ancestry,—pope and puritan, monarchist and republican, aristocrat and democrat. Knowledge of the divine plan is its distinguishing character, and a contempt of other people's mental processes. As

long as it could the Coolidgian mind kept the people away from knowledge. A little knowledge was a dangerous thing and the Coolidgians wanted as little competition as possible.

Always the Coolidgian mind has opposed until the last moment extensions of the franchise. Then it was usually clever enough to make a virtue of necessity. When the franchise finally became general, the Coolidgian mind at once began to revolve the problem of so arranging things that votes should not count. And in this it has been extraordinarily successful. It rules today far less by votes than by a diffused system of controls, sanctions, suggestions, influences, etc., some of them of the most impalpable and subtle kind.

Ever and anon the Coolidgian mind is hard pressed, but it is resourceful beyond belief. It faced a desparate crisis, when, after much bloodshed and misery, the American colonists threw off the British yoke. The revolution had been gloriously won for democracy and the word had been in everybody's mouth if not in everybody's heart.

The people had won their place in the sun of democracy and the immediate task was to frame a constitution to embody the new ideals and base them upon a foundation which could never be shaken. But Alexander Hamilton, the eminent Coolidgian, knew more than his fellows about those things, and, moreover, contrived to give effect to his knowledge. And so it came about that the American Constitution, while ostensibly an instrument for carrying out the people's will, was deliberately made an instrument to prevent their will from being carried out.

Hamilton knew: the others were uninformed. "The people," he said, "are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge or determine right." And so Hamilton determined they should have few opportunities for going wrong. There is just a possibility that if Alexander Hamilton had been less sure of his knowledge the history of the United States might have been happier.

The Coolidgian mind is the rock on which the ship of progress is constantly being wrecked. But there are other rocks, and one is the willingness and eagerness of people to be blandished by the Coolidgian type of mind. How dear, for instance, to large numbers are the solemn editorials of the daily press! How different it would be if people could be got to believe that these ponderous, anonymous utterances are really written by ordinary mortals, who pay rent, need dentistry and sometimes ride in the subway!

Again, how dearly do people love the pleasing fiction that university presidents are necessarily safe guides in educational affairs; that ministers of the gospel are necessarily Christians and that a great many other people in a great many other walks of life are necessarily what they pretend to be.

No group of mortals, no race, sect, or political party is immune from the Coolidgian mind. The Republican vice-presidential nominee simply furnished me with a convenient text. I could easily have found another pronominal adjective. President Wilson, for instance, said at Buffalo in 1917 that he knew how to get peace, and on the same occasion he expressed contempt for the mental processes of the pacifists. They were uninformed. Mr. Palmer, Mr. Burleson, Mr. Baker and other eminent "democrats" have for long felt themselves quite competent to sort good opinions from bad, and they have not hesitated to punish perverse holders of the latter. Amongst our Socialist friends the Coolidgian mind is quite common, while the Communists seem to be made up almost entirely of Coolidgians.

Probably the human mind will never conquer the obsession of infallibility. And yet history affords some encouragement, for the environment of the obsession has, at least, undoubtedly changed. Ecclesiastical infallibility has received rude shocks in recent centuries and it operates today within relatively restricted limits. The withers of religious heretics are today mostly unwrung. In the meantime, however, the institution of nationality has moved into the infallible realm, with serious results to many who have been audacious enough to challenge the dogma. For the future it looks as if ideas of political, social and industrial organization would contend for infallibility and many heads will assuredly be broken before it is discovered which group really knows.

Democracy seems still to be virgin domain with the surface barely scratched. A few hardy settlers, it is true, have entered, have found riches and have pleaded with their fellows to join them. But the response has been poor and the immigration slow. Think of all the persecution, violence, intimidation and bloodshed that has taken place since old Gamaliel uttered those great words:

> Refrain from these men and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.

A. VERNON THOMAS.

Wisdom of a Hundred Years Ago

One of my most cherished possessions is a battered old volume called "Lacon," which was written in London, England, by the Rev. C. C. Colton, just one hundred years ago. It is brimming with common sense, and terse witticisms, and some of the paragraphs echo in such a startling manner the trend of our opinions, that I wish to share them with the readers of UNITY.

The title page reads: "Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words, Addressed to Those Who Think, by Rev. C. C. Colton," followed by the quotation, "The noblest study of Mankind is Man." A very fine engraving of a female figure seated on a treasure chest, holding sword and scales, and guarded by a lion, whose outstretched paw rests on a key, is beneath. I suppose she represents Justice—a Justice gazing gravely into the future, her vision unhampered by the customary bandage.

In the preface Colton says:

> I have addressed this volume to those who think, and some may accuse me of an ostentatious independence, in presuming to inscribe a book to so small a minority. But a volume addressed to those who think, is in fact addressed to all the world; for although the proportion of those who do think be exceedingly small, yet every individual flatters himself that he is one of the number.

The following paragraphs, so pertinent to the thought of today, are scattered through the book:

"A wise minister would rather preserve peace, than gain a victory; because he knows, that even the most successful war, leaves nations generally more poor, always more profligate, than it found them. There are real evils that cannot be brought into a list of indemnities, and the demoralizing influence of war is not

amongst the least of them. The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre from the number of the saved, not of the slain."

"We should justly ridicule a general, who just before an action should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them a Bible, should order them to march against the enermy. Here, we plainly see the folly of calling in the Bible to support the sword: but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the Bible? Our Saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack."

"When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good!"

"To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp, to be satisfied with his own acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world."

"Despotism can no more exist in a nation, until the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set."

"The mob, like the ocean, is very seldom agitated without some cause superior and exterior to itself; but (to continue the simile) both are capable of doing the greatest mischief after the cause which first set them in motion, has ceased to act."

"War is a game in which princes seldom win, the people never. To be defended, is almost as great an evil as to be attacked; and the peasant has often found the shield of a protector, no less oppressive than the sword of an invader. Wars of opinion, as they have been the most destructive, are also the most disgraceful of conflicts; being appeals from right to might, and from argument to artillery; the fomenters of them have considered the raw material, man, to have been formed for no worthier purposes than to fill up gazettes at home with their names, and ditches abroad with their bodies. Let us hope that true philosophy, the joint offspring of a religion that is pure, and of a reason that is enlightened, will gradually prepare a better order of things, when mankind will no longer be insulted, by seeing bad pens mended by good swords, and weak heads exalted by strong hands."

"But to return to war, and warriors. There are some ideas afloat on this subject that I cannot help conceiving to be both ruinous and wrong. I shall not despair of producing my own convictions on this subject with that portion of my readers who think with me, that every war of mere ambition, aggression, or aggrandizement, is an evil both hateful and degrading; who think it a nuisance that ought to be abated, and who abominate every thing appertaining thereto, or connecting therewith. Considered in the abstract, and unconnected with all views of the causes for which it may be undertaken, surely war is an evil that none but a misanthrope could conscientiously rejoice in, or consistently promote. But all men think not thus; there are minds, and powerful ones, too, endowed with a right feeling on every other subject, who seem to labour under some mental hallucination on this. In the first place, I am so unfortunate as not to be able to discover those marvelous efforts of talent, gigantic combinations of power, and exuberant fertility of resource, which some would persuade us are essential to great commanders, and confined to them alone. But setting aside the truism, that fortune, though blind, has often led the most sharpsighted hero to that victory which he would have lost without her, what qualities are there in a conqueror which have not been held in common by the captain of a smuggler's crew, or a chief of banditti? The powers of these latter have been exhibited on a narrower stage, rewarded by a less illustrious exaltation, and recorded in a more inglorious calendar. With some few exceptions, he is the ablest general that can practice the greatest deceit, and support it by the greatest violence; who can best develop the designs of others, and best conceal his own; who can best enact both parts of hypocrisy, by simulating to be what he is not and dissembling that which he is: persuading his adversary that he is most strong when he is most weak, and most weak when he is in fact most strong. He is not to be overscrupulous as to the justice of his cause, for might is his right and artillery his argument; with the makeweight of courage thrown into the scale, there are few requisites for a Jonathan Wild or a Turpin, that are not equally necessary for a Tippoo or a Tamerlane. The difference is less in the things than in the names. Thus, the callous effrontery of the one becomes the coolest presence of mind in the other; fraud is dignified by the title of skill, and robbery with that of requisition. To plot the death of an individual, is a conspiracy, but to confederate to destroy a people, is a coalition; and pillage and murder seem to lose their horrors, in precise proportion to the magnitude of their scale and the multitude of their victims. But a consummate captain must have courage, or at least be thought to have it; for courage, like charity, covers a multitude of sins: and he is by common consent allowed to sport with the lives of others, who is supposed to have no value for his own. But the time is fast approaching with the many, and now is with the few, when mere military talent, abstractedly considered, and without any reference to the ends for which it be displayed, will hardly secure its possessor a glory more longlived than a gazette, or a memorial more splendid than a signpost. The fact is that posterity has and will appreciate the merit of great commanders, not by the skill with which they have handled their tools, but by the uses to which they have applied them. Suppose we were to grant that the art of cutting throats were a very difficult art, yet even then the merits of this art must be measured, not by its difficulty, but by its utility; and the value of the remedy must be adjusted by the propriety of the application: but in resorting to such a remedy as war, I suspect that it will be found that all the difficulties of such phlebotomy belong to the patient, but the facilities to the surgeon. Mere martial glory, independent of all considerations as to the necessity and justice of our arms, is now fast descending, with many other worn out fooleries, to the tomb of all the Capulets, where, attended by bankrupt agents, disgorged contractors, and starving commissaries, let us pray that, with all due military honours, it may be speedily buried and embalmed; let hireling poets indite its dirge, and meddling monks say masses for its soul. All wars of interference, arising from an officious intrusion into the concerns of other states; all wars of ambition, carried on for purposes of aggrandizement; and all

wars of aggression, undertaken for the purpose of forcing an assent to this or that set of religious opinions; all such wars are criminal in their very outset, and have hypocrisy for their common base."

"First, there is the hypocrisy of encumbering our neighbour with an officiousness of help, that pretends his good, but means our own; then there is the hypocrisy of ambition, where some restless and grasping potentate, knowing that he is about to injure and insult, puts forth a jesuitical preamble, purporting that he himself has been insulted and injured; but nations have the justest cause to feel a fear that is real, when such begin to express a fear that is feigned. Then comes the hypocrisy of those who would persuade us that to kill, burn and destroy, for conscience's sake, is an acceptable service, and that religion is to be supported by trampling under foot those primary principles of love, charity, and forbearance, without which it were better to have none. Lastly, comes a minor and subordinate hypocrisy, common to the three kinds I have stated above; I mean that of those who pretend to deplore most deeply the miseries of war, and who even weep over them, with the tears of a crocodile, but who will not put a stop to war, although they have the means, because they find their own private accounts in continuing it, from the emoluments it bestows and from the patronage it confers. Like Fabius, they also profit by delay, but they do so with a very different motive, not to restore the shattered fortunes of their country, but their own. Neither must we forget, in this view of our subject, the raw and ignorant recruit, whom to delude and to kidnap, a whole system of fraud and hypocrisy is marshalled out and arrayed. The grim idol of war is tricked out and flounced in all the colors of the rainbow: the neighing steed awaits her nod, music attends her footsteps, and jollity caters at her board; but no sooner is the sickle exchanged for the sword and the fell contract signed, than he finds that this Bellona, whom he had wooed as a goddess in courtship, turns out to be a demon in possession; that terror is her constant purveyor, and that her alternate caterers are privation and waste; that her sojourn is with the slain, and her abode with the pestilence; that her fascinations are more fatal than those of the basilisk; that her brightest smile is danger, and that her warmest embrace is death. We are told that civilization marches in the rear of conquest, and that barbarous nations have received this boon, at least, from the refined and polished blades of their victors. This argument in favor of war may, I trust, be neutralized by the consideration that the strongest hands have not always been united to the brightest heads; for the rudest nations have in their turn retaliated on the most refined; and from a darkness more dense than that of Egypt, the thunderbolt of victory has been elicited, as the brightest lightning from the blackest cloud. Greece has twice surrendered her independence and liberties to masters, in everything but force, far inferior to herself; the first treated her as a mistress, the second as a slave. Imperial Rome herself, in her high and palmy state, when in the proudest possession of all the arts of each Minerva, was doomed in her turn to be the prey of a savage horde that despised both, and studied neither. But if the argument I am combating ever had any force, it could only have been when knowledge was in its infancy and the world in its childhood. The general spread of civilization, by commerce, the sciences, and the arts—those legitimate daughters, not of war but of peace—not of the vulture, but of the halcyon—these are the blessings that will make the hardest advocate shrink from recommending warfare as a present instrument of civilization; particularly in an era that presents us with means far more grateful, elegant, and efficacious; an era when we have the safety-lamp of science to resort to, a lamp that gives us all the light, but none of the conflagration. In fact, the demoralizing tendencies of war are so notorious, that to insist upon them would be to insult the understanding of my readers; and to purchase refinement at the expense of virtue, would be to purchase tinsel at the price of gold. The most peace-loving minister that ever governed the affairs of a nation, decidedly declared, that even the most successful war often left a people more poor, always more profligate, than it found them. Where a nation rises with one consent to shake off the yoke of oppression, either from within or from without, all fair concessions having been proposed in vain, here indeed we have a motive that both dignifies the effort, and consecrates the success; here indeed the most peaceable sect of the most peaceable religion might conscientiously combine. But, alas! how few wars have been justified by such a principle, and how few warriors by such a plea; and when they have, how unfortunate have they usually been in the choice of their leaders! in the motley mob of conquerors and of captains, how few Washingtons or Alfreds shall we find! The children of those days, when the world was young, rude as the times they lived in, and rash at once from ignorance and inexperience, amused themselves with the toys and the trumpets, the gewgaws and the glitter of war. But we who live in the maturity of things, who to the knowledge of the present add a retrospection of the past, we who alone can fairly be termed ancients, or be said to live in the olden time; we, I trust, are no longer to be deluded or befooled by this brilliant but baneful meteor, composed of visionary good, but of substantial evil. We live in the manhood and in the fulness of time, and the triumphs of truth and of reason, triumphs bright as bloodless; these are the proper business and the boast of those who, having put away childish things, are becoming men. There are some that with oracular gravity will inform us, that as wars have always been, they must on that account continue to be; but they might as well assert that the imbecility and ignorance that marked the conduct of our forefathers, those ancient moderns, who lived in the infancy of the world, and in the childhood of time, must and do exist at present, because they existed then. With a solitary exception, all warfare is built upon hypocrisy, acting upon ignorance; ignorance it was that lent success to Mahomet's miracles, and to Cromwell's cant. For lack of knowledge a people is destroyed; and knowledge alone it is that is worthy of holding the freest minds in the firmest thralldom. Unlike those of the warrior, the triumphs of knowledge derive all their lustre, not from the evil they have produced, but from the good; her successes and her conquest are the common property of the world, and succeeding ages will be the watchful guardians of the rich legacies she bequeaths. The trophies and the titles of the conqueror are on the quick march to oblivion, and amid that desolation where they were planted, will decay. For what are the triumphs of war, planned by ambition, executed

by violence, and consummated by devastation? The means are the sacrifice of the many; the end, the bloated aggrandizement of the few. Knowledge has put a stop to chivalry, as she one day will to war, and Cervantes has laughed out of the field those self-constituted legislators that carried the sword, but not the scales of justice, and who were mounted and mailed. I am no advocate for a return of this state of things; but when that heroic and chivalric spirit was abroad, when men volunteered on dangers for the good of others, without emolument, and laid down the sword when that for which they resorted to it was overcome, then indeed a measure of respect and admiration awaited them, and a feeling, honorable to both parties was entertained. But is it not absurd and ridiculous to transfer this respect and esteem to those who make a trade of warfare, and who barter for blood? Who are as indifferent as the sword they draw, to the purposes for which it is drawn, who put on the badge of a master, wear his livery, and receive his pay. Where all is mercenary, nothing can be magnanimous; and it is impossible to have the slightest respect for an animated mass of machinery, that moves alike at the voice of a drum, or a despot; a trumpet, or a tyrant; a fife or a fool!"

When one remembers that these paragraphs were written before 1820, it is astonishing how many echoes some of the sentiments awaken in our minds. How many centuries must elapse before Truth and Reason triumph? MARION HENDRICK RAY.

46 *Ruby Avenue, Marblehead, Mass.*

HARBINGER.

Fiercely they rent into pieces the carpet
woven by ages of prayer for the welcome of the
World's best hope.
The great preparation of love lies in a waste-heap
and there is nothing in the ruined altar
to remind the mad crowd of the coming of
their God.
In a fury of passion they seem to have burnt
their own future to cinders and with it
their hope of the flowering time.
The air is harsh with the shout "Victory to the
Brute!"
The children look haggard and aged,
they whisper to one another that time revolves
but never advances, that we are goaded to run
but have nothing to reach, that creation is
the cry of the blind.

I said to myself, "Stop thy songs,
For song is for the One who is to come,
and fight without end for things that are,"
The road which had ever seemed to keep
its ear to the ground listening to footsteps from
beyond
misses today its message of the coming guest
or of the house at the end.
My lute said to me, "Fling me to the dust,"
I looked at the dust by the roadside.
There was a tiny flower among the thorns,
And I cried, "The hope of the world is not dead,
Here is the print of the footstep."
I felt the horizon's whisper to the earth
and a hush of expectation in the air.
I saw the the palm-leaves clapping their hands to the
time
of some unheard music.
and the exchange of glance between the moon
and the glistening silence of the lake.
The road said to me, "Fear not,"
and my lute said, "Lend me thy songs."

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

SELECTED

The "Jewish Peril"

There is a putative "Jewish peril," the peril of a vile forgery entitled "The Protocols and World Revolution," published, one regrets to note, by a hitherto reputable publishing house of Boston, a forgery which is not only an indictment of but a crime against a whole people. The very phrase, "Jewish peril," sounds like some mad Nietzschean cry that the Jews have empoisoned the world with Christianity. Wherein lies the "Jewish peril"? Is it in the Jewish Bible, Old and New? Is it in the God of the Jewish Bible? Is it in the Sabbath of the Jew? Is it in the Prophets or the Apostles, or in Jesus the Jew? Is it in the spectacle of the unimpairable and miraculous loyalty of the Jew?

And yet certain perils are bound up with the so-called "Jewish peril,"—perils that are real and not fictitious. The "Jewish peril" is the cry of every group in Europe today which desires the restoration of the old pre-war order, whether in militarist Germany or in Czarist Russia. It is a brazen attempt to find some scapegoat, an excuse for a return to the order that was. While mobs may be diverted for an hour, from pursuing their purposes, the cry of the "Jewish peril" is no solution of the problems which have created world-wide unrest. Polish mobs may forget about the crimes of Polish imperialism whilst committing unspeakable crimes against Jewish men, women and children, but this solves no problem.

After the Jews shall have been crushed, if crushed they are to be, what is to become of their blood-whetted destroyers? Instead of seeking a true and abiding solution of the problems of the world, the anodyne of the "Jewish peril" is offered to a world largely under arms by them either responsible for the social and moral disorder of the world or ready to capitalize it to the end that the old order of imperialism and militarism may be re-established.

Yes, there is a "Jewish peril," real and undeniable, —the peril occasioned not *by* the Jew but *to* the Jew. If it be willed by the world, so shall it be! Physical pain and suffering can be borne for centuries without collective hurt. Not so spiritual hurt, which after a time leaves its ineffaceable mark upon its victims!

Consider what is happening in East European lands. Can these things be and be done without the doers being terribly and even incurably hurt? If war leaves its marks for evil upon them that wage it, what shall be said of them that wage war against such as answer not? War is redeemed in some part by the risks taken by the warriors. What of the morale of such as war upon the unweaponed, that make a business as does Eastern Europe of slaying the defenseless because they are Jews?

And this is happening in Europe today with results bound to be terrible if not fatal to East European nations. Can Europe hope to be spared the ruinous hurt done in its lands to every finer moral sentiment? Europe cannot remain unhurt by the treatment of the Jew in which European lands indulge today—by the virtual exile of the world's greatest physicist, Einstein, from the academic halls of Germany; by Hungary's barbarous treatment of its Jewish citizenry; by Poland's ghastly excesses against its Jewish men, women and children; by the Ukraine's hellish dealing with its Jewish victims. Our Bernard Cantor, my be-

loved young friend and colleague, was only one of tens of thousands of the victims of Ukrainian butchery—Cantor differing from the others only, but, oh, what a difference, in that they could not escape and he chose to go to his brothers to share their life and to die as many of them needs must die.

Consider the character of the charges included in the general indictment, the "Jewish peril." The Jew is said to confuse the mind of the world through processes of disintegration and corruption of public opinion. The seriousness and credibility of the charges is shown by the accusation that the capitalist Jew is in league with the workingman Jew to upset the world, the Jewish millionaire and the proletariat Jew conspiring to bring about the overthrow of civilization.

No, Europe that is Christendom cannot remain unhurt and unbowed by this savage, godless treatment of its Jewish people. The Jewish people will survive as survived they have. They are brought low for an hour but they will rise again. But their persecutors are perhaps forever fallen. Let Poland slay its Jews, yet will Israel live. But will Poland live, and, though it live, will it not be morally maimed and spiritually broken for all time?

It is the special shame of Christendom in America today that that tissue of lies and forgeries known as the "Protocols" or the "Jewish Peril" is being given circulation by a confessedly nearly illiterate multimillionaire, who has taken upon himself the onus of filing the gravest charges that have ever been uttered against Jews in this or any land. In America it is not enough for Christians to say that they have no part therein, that they place no credence in the charge. It is their business and above all in their Christian churches it is their duty to cry out against these hideous falsehoods uttered against a whole people.

This is the time to protest, before it be too late, before the disease shall have taken root throughout the land, and become endemic and fateful to our moral well-being. The world long smiled at the symptoms of national disease in Germany and neither within nor from without Germany was there an attempt made for more than a generation to cure the disease. Suddenly the plague broke loose; it was too late. This is the time for the voice of Christianity to make itself heard in the land against a most godless and anti-Christian conspiracy against the security of the Jew and the honor of Christendom.

I have said that Israel will live, and that, grievously unjust though the charge of the "Jewish peril" be, Israel will recover from every wound inflicted. And yet in another sense this is not true. The gravement of the "Jewish peril" lies in the fact that the Jew may succumb to his fears rather than remain sustained by his pride and resolution. And, be it confessed, Jews do succumb in all lands. Austria has during the past months witnessed a very frenzy of Jewish baptism,—the baptism, not conversion, of poor, cowardly, broken Jews, who flee to the baptismal font as to a refuge from their Christian persecutors. These flee not *to* Christianity but *from* Christians. This is alike Israel's peril and Christendom's shame.

A cure must be found for both—the peril of the one and the shame of the other. It is Christendom that must end both—not for Israel's sake alone or chiefly, but for its own. Though a Jew, I am gravely concerned about the self-debasement of the Christian world, which is turning the life of Israel of Eastern Europe into a tale of shambles. And the lead in bringing this awful chapter to an end must not and cannot be taken by Jews but by Christians. It is the body of the Jew that is hurt; it is the soul of Christendom that may doom itself.

And if should come to pass that Christendom forbear not, then though we walk in the valley of the shadow of death, we must not fear evil done to us but only such evil as we may be tempted to do. We must keep our heads unbowed, though bloody. The one thing we may not, dare not, do is to justify the baseness of our oppressors, so to live as to give substance to the lies of them that defame us. It is we who now more than ever in the centuries of our tragic story have reason to turn and to pray: "Father, forgive them though they *know* what they do." The world we must learn to forgive though ourselves we shall never be able to forgive, if we forget the injunction laid upon our fathers: "Be a blessing"; "Bless them that curse thee."

—Stephen S. Wise,
Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York.

Benjamin Franklin's Snowball

Benjamin Franklin, whose deferred legacy of $1,000 to Philadelphia has now increased to sixty-six times the original sum, had many and various claims on the attention of his contemporaries. One of them has a decidedly modern air about it. Franklin was the first "Pussyfoot" to be exported from America to this country. As a young man he lived for some time in London and worked as a compositor in a printing office in Little Wild Street. There he set himself to prove to his fellow pressmen that an allowance of five pints of strong porter a day was not at all necessary in order to support health and strength. Franklin himself drank water only (the other compositors nicknamed him "the American Aquatic"), and yet demonstrated that he was able to carry far heavier forms and galleys of type than the beer drinkers. The philosophy was a strange one for the middle of the eighteenth century, which went on the assumption that strong ale was an essential preliminary to strong work. Nevertheless, Franklin's own example made some converts.

Franklin's arguments have a curiously modern ring. To the cry that porter was necessary as a foodstuff he replied that "the bodily strength furnished by the beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf, and that, consequently, if he ate this loaf and drank a pint of water he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer." Franklin's breakfast, taken at his work, was "a good basin of warm gruel in which was a small slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg." He managed to persuade some of his fellow workmen to abondon a breakfast of cheese and beer in favor of the gruel of "the American Aquatic"—a conversion probably accomplished more by admiration for Franklin's natural physical strength than by any serious regard for his decidedly novel principles.

—The Manchester Guardian.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Freeman Pamphlets

There was a time when the pamphlet was pretty nearly the only means of instructing a people in economics, politics and religion. It is said that Richard de Bury was the first pamphleteer when in the fourteenth century he published his essay on the love of books called "Philobiblon." But the pamphlet must have been known to the Greeks and the Romans as a means of conducting a controversy. Anyway it is an ancient method of the dialecticians and so successful has it been at their hands that the fate of many a nation and empire has been determined by it. It is a form of controversy that has always obtained in England, and down to this day it is as important as and perhaps more significant than the platform itself. Looking back into English history the student must be deeply impressed with its value when he surveys the days of the Lollards. Wyclif and his followers by tract and leaflet then brought about a revolution in the minds of the commonfolk of England; and during the days of Henry VIII the tracts of Sir Thomas More and his friends undoubtedly laid down the principles and conduct of those that were in favor of a reformed religion. So far-reaching was the aim and influence of these pamphlets circulated under an absolute monarch that in later years the very Crown itself was threatened by the opposition they created. Yes, the pamphlet has been a wonderful instrument at all times in popularizing the intentions of reformers and reactionaries. One of the most interesting periods in English literature was affected strangely by the use great writers made of the pamphlet. At the time of Addison and Steele when they supported the political and social aims of the Whigs, the Tories relied upon the redoubtable Swift. There were besides other brilliant men, such as Somers, Prior and Bolingbroke engaged in "the war of the pamphleteers," on the side of the Crown. The nineteenth century contains the names of some of the most brilliant politicians of England as pamphleteers, and to us the pamphlet has perhaps a greater significance than to any of the European countries, for it was a pamphlet that made a nation of America. When Thomas Paine published his "Common Sense" in January, 1776, the work of independence began. When Thomas Paine published "The Crisis" it rallied men to the call of Washington, and out of disaster success was won. Therefore, the resurrection of the pamphlet as a means of educating the people should be welcomed in the twentieth century by all Americans who wish to familiarize themselves with the arguments of one side or the other of propagandists. In the old days it was said that the difficulty of producing many volumes, because of the exigencies of printing and publishing, made the pamphlet necessary. It was a quick and easy method of bringing the people in touch with controversial matters. But the excuse nowadays seems to be that our life is so crowded that we have not time to read the long and portentous volumes that the press is turning out in hundreds every week. So the pamphlet may be regarded even in a daily newspaper age as a simple, concise method of enlightening busy men and women who think they cannot devote long hours to the study of the burning questions of the time. Let us then give a hearty welcome to the coming of the Freeman pamphlets, a series begun by the new weekly, *The Freeman,* which is becoming known all over the country for its fearless attitude toward the economic, political, social and artistic conditions of our life. In the series published so far are to be found "Patriotism, Truth and War Guilt," by Georges Demartial. This pamphlet is known all over Europe and it has aroused an interest in pre-War diplomacy which will not subside in a hurry. Georges Demartial is a distinguished Frenchman holding an honourable position in the civil service, an officer of the Legion of Honour, and a shrewd observer of European affairs. For those who are interested in the relation of privilege and monopoly to war, there is "Where Iron Is, There Is the Fatherland," by C. K. Streit. This illuminating treatise on the relations of the German and French owners of iron ore during the war has already been reviewed in UNITY. Now that Ireland is the center of interest in the British Empire, "The Economics of Ireland," by George W. Russell ("Æ"), is a work that should be read by everyone who desires a clear statement of the case. Mr. Russell is a Protestant Ulsterman and, of course, the most important Irish author of the day. Two pamphlets of great value are "Socialism on Trial," by Morris Hillquit, and "The Analysis of the Proposals and Conceptions of Socialism," by Max Hirsch. Here the Freeman pamphlet series sets an example of presenting both sides of the arguments for and against Socialism. It is to be hoped that the Freeman pamphlets will extend this procedure of giving a hearing to both sides to other vexed questions. There are many other pamphlets published in the series which we can not deal with in an introductory article of this kind, but we cannot overlook the publication of Tolstoy's "A Great Iniquity." This is one of the most important pamphlets published during the nineteenth century. The article created a sensation when it was published in the London *Times.* It is said that it has been translated into more than twenty languages.

The Freeman pamphlet series has started well and it already seems to have taken away the excuse of a busy man and woman for slighting the heavy tomes where they would spend days in acquiring the knowledge these pamphlets yield to them in a few hours.

R. C.

THE POET.

When naked winter brings despair
To those who know not fancy's gift;
When wood and field an aspect wear
That chills the heart, with storm and drift,
The poet soul still feels the spring,
And he can sing.

His world has seasons all its own.
No matter how the weather be,
His month is June. When March winds moan
He lightly sails a summer sea;
And he can thread the darkest night
By inner light.

Let those who crave the sodden gold
Despise the poet's dream;
When they with fret and fear are old,
He still shall see the gleam
That never was in sea or sky,
But only in the poet's eye.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

WORLD ALLIANCE OF CHURCHES.

At Beatenberg, Switzerland, on August 24th, 1920, there met the International Committee of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches. The scene of the Conference was delightful, being 1,700 feet above Lake Thun. The great white peaks of the Bernese Alps for many miles afforded a brilliant spectacle. Switzerland is an Island of Peace in the midst of the raging political sea about her.

On this beautiful mountain side prominent Churchmen from many parts of the world joined in Christian fellowship. Twenty-three countries and many communions were represented. About 100 delegates were present. On the list from America were Dr. William P. Merrill, Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, Bishop Cannon, Dr. Arthur J. Brown, Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, Dr. Peter Ainslie, and others. The British delegation included that rare old Christian, the Bishop of Winchester. Some of the Bishops of the Greek Church from South Eastern Europe with their long robes formed a picturesque addition to the assembly. Business was conducted in the English, French and German languages. A high level of Christian thought and expression was generally maintained. Difficulties growing out of the breaking up of old States and annexations to other countries have developed. Religious minorities in Europe have come into conflict with new and bitter conditions. Old foes for the first time in many years met at St. Beatenberg on common ground. The Archbishop of Canterbury was elected Chairman of the Alliance for the coming year.

*Dr. Nasmyth, the energetic International Organizer of the World Alliance, has spent most of the past year in Eastern Europe where he has been peculiarly successful in securing the interest of leading Churchmen. The cooperation of the Eastern Churches and of church leaders in Athens and Constantinople, in that political and religious storm centre of the world, will be of profound value to world peace. Dr. Nasmyth reported that when he parted with the Metropolitan of Bucharest, Roumania, the latter made a characteristic reply: "For such ideas the door of the Church must always be open."

A few of the expressions during the Conference may be reproduced. Dr. Merrill, the Presiding Officer for the first session, declared that, "our particular business was to increase the stock of good-will among the nations." The Bishop of Winchester made a special plea that nations be moral according to ideals of Christian morality. It is appalling that Governments, which have control over so many people, are not governed by the principles of Christian morality Lord Parmoor, who is today

*The tidings of the death of Mr. Nasmyth which occurred September 20 at Geneva, Switzerland, had not reached Mr. Allen.

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probably the leading liberal peer of England, made a moving address in which he eloquently appealed for adherence to the teachings of "Our Master" in International affairs.

I must not forget how some of us were moved by an expression used in the prayer of a brother from Denmark during the opening period of devotion: "We thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou art not yet tired of us!"

The divisions in Christian life resulting from the war have been one of its saddest features. Americans can hardly appreciate the immense value to international peace that should develop from the getting together of Churchmen devoted to the service of good-will, coming as they do from any conflicting political, religious and linguistic groups of the world. The healing efforts of the Alliance cannot fail to be of great importance to America. Anything that tends to aid the settlement of European affairs, moral or political, should favorably re-act spiritually and economically on the United States.

This great movement is based on the belief that, all other forces having failed to secure peace, there still remains one untried method, namely, obedience to the teachings of Jesus Christ. The Alliance was established in 1914, in response to the call of a group of Swiss pastors, and had just opened its first Conference when the war broke out. Its scope is world-wide. The American Council issue a monthly known as "World Friendship." There are already established 500 American local committees. The World Alliance works in close co-operation with the Church Peace Union and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The regular membership involves a contribution of two dollars per year. Those who are desirous of stimulating discussion with a view to intelligent Christian judgment on problems of world justice, world friendship, world organization and a League of Nations are invited to join. The American office is at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WM. C. ALLEN.

London, England, Sept. 24, 1920.

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